AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

In an address delivered at the Auditorium at Houston, Tex., E. L. Blackshear, the head of the Prairie View Normal and Industrial College for Colored Youths, had this to say concerning the reasons why the negroes of Houston are specially interested in the movement to build a general hospital in Houston. The plan contemplated does not seek to make one hospital do for both races. They will be separate and distinct institutions; but there is to be a hospital for both, and upon the basis that in caring for his own health interests the white citizen must protect the colored as a matter of "Safety First."

Following is the address delivered:

Rev. Mr. Pevoto of the Baptist sanitarium of Houston in a visit to Prairie View on a recent Sunday used the Sabbath school lesson of the day as the basis of his remarks. It was the lesson of the Good Samaritan, and the speaker saw in this parable the germ of the modern hospital. And indeed, how true is it that this spirit of the Good Samaritan, who picked up a helpless stranger, wounded and sore, and bound up his wounds and placed him in the Eastern inn for care and protection exemplifies the spirit of Christ, now manifested in modern hospitals, and in the Red Cross system of national and international relief. Regardless of race, nationality or creed, the Red Cross spirit, the modern hospital spirit, takes hold of helpless sufferers and gives them relief and medical and sanitary attention. The spirit of Christ is not the secular spirit and pride of nationality or race so well exemplified in the classic civilizations of Greece and Rome, but it is the spirit of humanity, the spirit of the Golden Rule, the spirit of human sacrifice for human good, the spirit of the Good Samaritan.

The colored people as a part of God's common humanity need the help of modern medical science and sanitation. From the standpoint of self-protection, the municipality owes its colored population sanitary conditions, for bacterial diseases are no respecter of race or color once they find lodgment; and bacterial infection or contagion, originating from unwholesome conditions among colored people may thrust their fatal hand even into the mansions of wealth and culture. It is of interest to the whites that the bodies and hands and homes of those of the colored people who cook the food and wash the clothing and dress and handle the children of the white people should be clean, wholesome and sanitary. Speaking generally, insanitary conditions and disease among the negro people weaken the efficiency of the city's labor and entail a loss upon invested capital, which is fruitless without efficient labor.

In the older days faithful slave women were the nurses of the south. They sat in humble patience at the bedside of the stricken mistress or her children, the dusky Samaritans of an alien race. Just as my grandmother, Aunt Harriet of Mongomery, Ala., was a type of the cooks of olden days who, Midaslike, turned whatever cooking material they touched to the gold palatableness, so my wife's grandmother, Aunt Celia of Grenada, Miss., was a type of the nurses of old, who was in truth a Good Samaritan in black, and, for miles around, was sent for to nurse the afflicted white women and children back to health and happiness.

Retail dealers in Hongkong are discovering the advantages of window-dressing after the American plan.

The honor of class oratory, assigned to a negro at Harvard, is indeed a creditable achievement, though eloquence in this fervid and imaginative race is not an unusual endowment, many negro preachers having manifested this moving quality. It is stated that this graduate-to-be has it in mind to devote his life to the uplift of his race. There is ample opportunity for many lives to be so devoted. The freed race has progressed unevenly, individual specimens attaining to a high degree of knowledge and culture, while the mass of blacks are as much the wards of civilization as ever they were in the days of bondage. Not till individual culture begins to bear fruit in community uplift can work among the negroes be said to show adequate results.

A curious tree of the tropics, the matapalo, grows only with the aid of another tree, which it gradually envelopes and kills.

Before an American heiress who marries a foreign nobleman places him on exhibition she removes the price mark.

Sixty thousand dollars a day is the estimate of the loss due to the recent strike at Dublin, Ireland.

It is estimated that the Uruguay wool crop this season will reach a value of $25,000,000.

Natural gas consumed in the United States last year was equivalent to 20,000,000 tons of coal.

The diamond output of German South Africa is being regulated to maintain prices.

"I'm no professional agitator for temperance," said Booker Washington, in a recent address, "but keep whisky away from the negro. In the counties and states where there are no open barrooms the negro is 50 per cent. better off. I don't believe that prohibition increases drunkenness, as one so often hears. Certain men will get whisky anywhere—but in prohibition counties you hear of the ten men who do get whisky—and you don't hear of the 100 men who do not.

"There are 200,000 colored people always sick from preventable causes," said he. "Some one is paying the bill. Not the colored man directly—for he can't."

He opposes segregation in cities—"not because the colored man objects to associating with his own people. He is proud of his race. He wants to associate with his own kind. But experience has taught him that where he is segregated the street lights are dimmer and the streets muddier and the sidewalks more full of holes and the police service more indifferent than in other parts of the same town—but that he is made to pay his full share of the bills."

Nor is he in sympathy with the proposition to plant immigrants on the soil of the south. The colored man, he thinks, is already fitted to his environment. If he is given a fair chance he is the most satisfactory laborer the southern employer can have. But he wants a little of the comforts of life. He wants good church and school and social facilities in the country districts.

"The white folks of Dallas county," said he, "held a meeting in the courthouse one night to discuss the question of immigration. Old Jake, the colored janitor, was a very curious old chap. He always tried to find out what was going on—but this meeting stumped him. After it was over he met the sheriff.

"'Cunnel Jones,' said he, 'w'at you w'ite folks up to now?'

"Colonel Jones explained. But Jake could not understand that word immigration. Jones had to make it clear.

"'What do you think of the plan of bringing more white folks to Dallas county, Jake?' asked Colonel Jones.

"'Foh de Lord's sake, Cunnel Jones,' said he, 'we Dallas county niggers got just as many w'ite folks as we can support now.'"

"There are only 300,000 American Indians," said a prominent negro, "and the government appropriates $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 each year to feed and clothe and educate them. And they're dying off. There are 10,000,000 of us, and the government isn't called on to do a thing for us, as a race."

Of the negroes, 9,000,000 are in the southern states, and 85 per cent. of these in rural districts or villages. He thinks that the negro's best chance is in the south. The southern white is more tolerant of the negro's differences from the white race. He is more inclined to give the negro a chance.

"That's all we want," he said. "Just a chance. I saw the other day that $50,000,000 is being spent annually to rescue Great Britain's drunkards from the ditch. We're not in the ditch—but help us keep out of it."

The negro, he thought, is worse off in the cities, especially in the northern cities.

More than one-half of the money derived from England's income tax is collected from Londoners.

In the region between Yorktown and Williamsburg there is a district, where much of the land has long been either owned or tenanted by colored people; but it is a "back country" far from the river and penetrated by few good roads, so that it is and always has been a region of wretched poverty, miserable cabins and neglected soil, very different from the farming district on the eastern shore of Virginia, for example, where there are many well-cultivated farms owned or tenanted by colored men. In this latter region the large estates are being cut up into farms of from 60 to 100 acres, provided with complete outfits of farm buildings, and rented, or sold in many instances, to colored men.

Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Norway and other European nations have for many years been making provision for industrial and technical instruction in public schools.

In England the Smiths are the most numerous of all families, but in Ireland they are content to rank fifth, after Murphy, Kelly, Sullivan and Walsh.

More than 50 per cent. of the sheep of this country are on the large ranches of the west.

In the last year Iowa produced 96,953,183 pounds of butter, which was sold for $28,285,240.

In Melbourne no Sunday papers are permitted; no hotels are allowed to open their bars.

In a year 7,707,000 cigars and 14,000,000 cigarettes were smoked in the United States.

YOUR hat, if you please, madam; we must have that aigrette." Such is the startling demand made by the United States customs officials of unwary lady passengers disembarking at New York nowadays. Deeds, not words, at last! And effective deeds, too, they promise to be, if only other legislatures will follow the example thus set by America, and ban the importation of birds' feathers. True, for long there have been protective measures formulated to reduce the wholesale slaughter of wild birds, but their inadequacy is common knowledge. The case, in its practical aspect, is almost exactly parallel with that of the protection of birds' eggs. It is useless to strike at the agent or collector; so long as the demand exists a supply will be forthcoming—check one collector and another takes his place; throttle the demand and, de causa, every collector at once gives up the quest. So long as the importation and exportation of these feathers were prohibited only on a large commercial basis, while the individual, the actual consumer, was allowed to pass unchallenged, so long would means be found to smuggle through the plumes. At last, however, it seems that a blow is being aimed in the right direction, and now, when the attention of the fair sex is thus focussed upon the subject, it is an opportune time once more to place before them another aspect of the case, an aspect that should appeal to womanly nature more focefully than legislation—the base and wanton cruelty attendant on this feather traffic.

I have always thought, and still believe, that it is only throughtlessness or ignorance that allows the wearing of the aigrette. A woman worthy of the name simply cannot know the history of the plumes she wears and, at the same time, approve of the manner in which they were obtained. If she could but once see an egret nursery in all its living beauty, its countless forms of wondrous grace, each busily engaged in some maternal duty, and each seeming unconsciously to vie with the other in the elegance of pose and action, she would not, she could not, longer tolerate the ruthless destruction of these lovely birds. But alas! how few women will ever see a living egret, much less an egret's nursery! However, it is hoped that if the accompanying illustrations are looked at sympathetically, they will, perhaps, see some of the grace and beauty that are present in the living scene.

The exact locality of this bird paradise had better not be named; South Europe will be definite enough! Here, hidden away amid a rolling waste of sand and scrub, the little tarn, which bears the colony, lies sparkling like a jewel in the sun. Out of its still waters grow gnarled and twisted tamarisk bushes, whose dark green foliage, as we draw near, is seen to be thickly spangled over with a host of snowy birds.

Every branch and twig has got its load of graceful forms, the birds looking from a distance like a dainty white inflorescence on the trees. Then suddenly, as we canter down the shore, the colony takes wing and tumult reigns. But what a tumult! Nothing rough or discordant, no semblance to a mob; rather is it the incarnation of the fairiest of fairy scenes, the scattering of Titania's revelers. The bushes seem as if by magic to pour forth an endless stream of graceful life, and soon the sky it filled with a multitude of snowy drifting forms. Round and round they circle above the nursery trees, now deftly poised upon fast-quivering wings, now riding easily along with widespread pinions—so they drift in endless streams, each one seeming, as it floats by, more elegant and lovely than the last. Gradually the pace is slackened, slowly and still more slowly the birds glide past, till presently more alight. Soon they are settling down on every side, to sit swaying on the delicate tracery of the tamarisk boughs, their snowy plumage glistening in the sunlight. Then the colony regains composure and we see on every side the lovely aigrette—perhaps the most exquisite ornament displayed by any bird—displayed in all its living beauty, displayed as Nature meant it to be shown. And what a lovely show it is! As mate meets mate, the lovely train of plumes of each is raised and spread in greeting, to hover like a cloud of frosted gossamer above the back, scintillating as the feathers shake and tremble with life's passion.

As yet these birds have learnt no fear of man; they crowd the branches all around us, quietly returning to brood upon their nests not 20 yards from where we stand. To shoot them down would be almost as easy as to dispatch a farmyard roost. Fortunate indeed it is that this colony is naturally protected by a great encircling belt of utter wilderness, trackless and almost untrodden save by the few keepers who guard its big game on the sportsman's behalf. Here the birds have—of late, at least—been left to breed in peace. No plume hunter has dared to penetrate their sanctuary; but one shudders to contemplate the day, which one hopes may never dawn, when, through lax control by the overlord the plumassiers shall at last break through and steal. It is unnecessary, I think, to draw a picture of the awful slaughter of that day; the piles of mutilated bodies with the wings torn off; the hapless young ones left to starve miserably to death. Such are the incidents common to the pillage of any egret nursery, and those who wish to read of them may do so in the pamphlets of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds,? Suffice it here that the surest, indeed, the only, way to obviate such scenes of slaughter is for women to cease to decorate themselves with aigrettes.

Home Town Helps

BOSTON TO BE EMULATED

New York Sun Thinks That City Might Well Follow the Example of Her Sister.

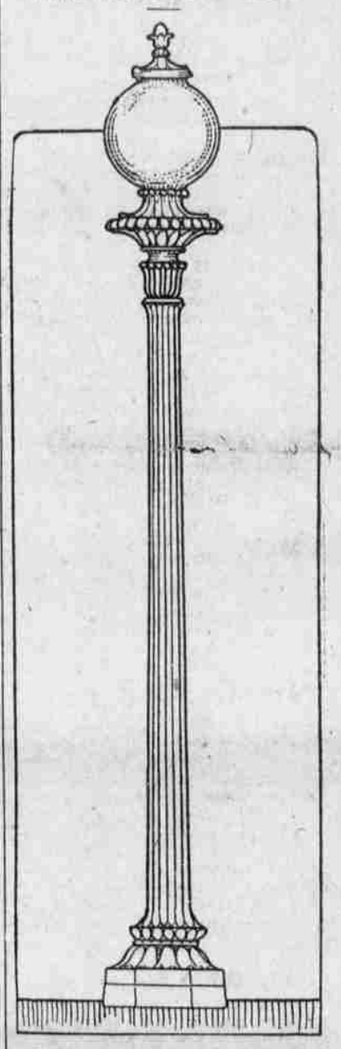
Here in New York the growth of cities has been so swift and the problems of building them have been so new that the buildings were scraping the skies along every thoroughfare that commanded high rentals before the sacrifices that a congestion of skyscrapers entailed upon the public became apparent, says the New York Sun.

Reforming New York in any essential particular is too colossal for the city planning committee to tackle over night. Instead the mirror is held up to us so that we can see many of our most glaring faults.

The nearest example that we ought to study is Boston, and the plan of Boston's new zone system are the first thing the visitor sees. There, following the system of some German cities, they have enacted laws forbidding the erection of buildings taller than 125 feet in a large area extending from the river docks to the commons. In this area there are only two buildings violating the law, the Ames building, built before the law went into force, and the new United States Customs building, which, in spite of all protests, is 400 feet tall.

Copley square, on which Trinity church and the Library front, is protected by a height limit, and so is Commonwealth avenue. A building on Copley square, the Westminster chambers, exceeded the legal height and was cut down to the lawful limits, the city paying damages. Boston also proudly exhibits plans of her great 1,200-foot docks, her great dry dock, and the famous fish dock.

ARTISTIC GAS LAMP POST



Design for a gas lamp post that recently won first prize in a competition at St. Louis. There is no reason why each lamp post should not be a source of improvement to the appearance of the city. None can now be erected in Philadelphia without the approval of the art jury, in accordance with its amended powers.

Open Places League in Paris.

"A league for open places has been organized in Paris. In a recent pamphlet is discussed the question of drainage and sports and the work that needs to be done in the conversion of the old fortifications into open places is described," says the National Municipal Review. It is a shock to some of the lazy and incredulous of us to get into our noodles that Paris never stops making itself more beautiful and more sanitary. A repetition of such shocks is sure to produce vigorous action on this side of the water sooner or later.

Selling by Rule.

"Why do you insist so strenuously on my placing my order right now?"

"I have taken a course in a school of scientific salesmanship, and according to all rules and theories this is the psychological moment for closing this sale."

How Hair Is Colored.

Colors of the hair are due to amalgamated yet separate atoms of pigment deposited in the cells just beneath the surface of the hair. In bleaching the chemical would pass underneath the scales and react upon these specks of natural paint.

Varieties of Oaks.

There are 55 oaks in the United States, about evenly divided between the east and the west. The eastern species, and particularly white oaks, are the most valuable.

MAKE THEIR OWN LIGHT

Among the most remarkable of all nature's phenomena is the marvelous light-giving power of many of our common plants and animals, observes the New York American.

Under certain conditions nasturtiums, sunflowers, dahlias, tuberoses and yellow lilies may be seen to glow with a soft radiance, varying in color and intensity. Only those flowers that have an abundance of yellow or orange shades exhibit this phosphorescence. The best time to see the light is after dark, but often intermittent and flashing.

Often in the early fall the ground will be illuminated by the glow from the dead leaves. The Australian poppy is the most remarkable of all the luminous plants, for it has been found to send out a light of its own of quite noted brilliancy.

Mushrooms growing on decayed wood often have a degree of brilliancy that, when they are placed on a newspaper, will enable one to read the words in their vicinity with no other light. One species of mushrooms in Australia, 16 inches in diameter, was of such brilliancy that, seen from a distance, its light frightened the natives.

More interesting than the luminous plants are the luminous animals. The Pacific coast, famous for its many curious specimens of plant and animal life, is the home of many of them.

Of all these, the ascidians are most noteworthy. One of them, the pyroscama, was seen first as a blaze as big as a bucket. When captured it was found to be a foot long and open at one end, at which there was a faint light. When touched the light at once blazed forth into a vivid silver phosphorescence. One of the animals kept in a dark room furnished enough light for the reading of medium sized print.

The creatures are of almost indescribable beauty and by their radiance when moving about under water near by fish can be discerned. Bibra, the British naturalist, utilized the animals for light, and a half dozen of them at one side of a small room would furnish sufficient light for the reading of a newspaper at the other side.

Crabs are notable light givers, and the Salpa of California is the most wonderful of all. Bodies of water 20 miles square have been seen glowing with them, and in the Santa Catalina channel one naturalist reported that as far as the eye could see the creatures lay gleaming like gems in the sunlight.

Many luminous frogs have been discovered from time to time, and any frog may be made luminous by inoculating it with certain bacteria which produce this phenomenon.

Many theories have been brought forward to explain the phenomenon of luminosity, but as yet very little is known about. In many instances, such as the cases of dead leaves or decayed wood, luminosity is evidently due to fungous growth, but in other cases, where no growth can be seen, the riddle remains unsolved along with many other marvels of nature.

A RARE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

"I am determined that my child shall have one rare accomplishment to help him through life."

"What is it?"

"I propose to see that he learns the words of the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

HOPELESS CASE.

"I'm afraid my son is hopelessly stupid."

"What's the trouble at college? History or geometry?"

"Why, they say he can't learn the football signals."

WHEN SONNY COMES HOME

An Atchison family has been talking ever since last September of the joy the members would experience when a son who was away at college came home for the holidays, says the Globe of that town. In the months he was gone his room was refurnished.

His mother and sisters began weeks before the holidays to make out menus for the breakfasts, luncheons and dinners during the happy time when he would be home for the holidays.

The day of his arrival he was whirled home in the family automobile and welcomed by the women folks in the family in their very best clothes. The dinner, composed of his favorite dishes, was served at once. He grandly sat down to the table and raved over the elegant things he had to eat in eastern restaurants and the dining cars.

He was taken to his room, but failed to observe that a hardwood floor, new rugs and new furniture and draperies had replaced the old. He was called to the telephone. Some of the boys wanted him to meet them somewhere. He promised and went. After that the boys and girls kept him busy.

Mother and the girls packed the dainties in baskets and sent the baskets to the poor; they were not hungry, and the family idol did not eat at home. Every once in a while his room looked as though a cyclone had struck it; he had come home to dress to go somewhere.

Yesterday mother and the girls received a hasty peck on their cheeks, and in a minute the family automobile had whirled the family idol to the train. He had spent about 15 minutes of his vacation in the household where he was so worshiped. His next vacation will come in the early summer, but he will need his overcoat in that house; there is a movement on foot to freeze the family idol.

Roses in History.

Roses form the chief ingredient in what is probably the earliest recipe for a hair restorer on record. According to Pliny, "wild rose leaves reduced into a liniment with bear's grease make the hair grow again in most marvelous fashion." Pliny also recommends "ashes of roses as serving to trim the hairs of the eyebrows." Roses figured prominently in several old time strong drinks, such as rosa solis, which consisted of rose water mixed with aqua vitae and flavored with cinnamon. The favorite morning draft among Elizabethan roysterers was "rosa solis, to wash the molligrubs out of a moody brain."

You Can't Phase 'Em.

"You can't expect us to accept stuff like this," said the indignant literary editor. "It isn't poetry at all—it's simply gas!"

"I see," said the unruffled poet, as he meandered toward the door, "something wrong with the meter!"—Judge.

TOUCHED MISS JONES' HEART

"Lost" Dog Appealed to Her, and She Acted at Once in a Sympathetic and Practical Manner.

He is a Scotch terrier of the wisest and most independent kind, and his name is Mac. He lives on Riverside drive, near One Hundred and Tenth street, when he's at home, and he is owned by a very small boy.

But he is seldom at home when he can get away, for he is a rover, an adventurer. His is the Wanderlust. He takes himself on lengthy, self-conducted tours, and ranges over large areas. He has been seen all alone as far up as Dyckman street, bold, carefree, absolutely sure of himself and of his whereabouts. And he always does arrive home from his wanderings quite safe, though sometimes he shows indications of having been in a fight.

Every school day he accompanies his master and the master's nurse to a small private school five blocks from home. Sometimes he waits on the steps all morning; sometimes he vanishes and returns at dismissal hour.

On a recent rainy morning Mac's master and nurse went home earlier than usual. Mac arrived at the proper time for dismissal and sat on the steps in the rain. An hour later he was seen there by Miss Jones.

"Oh, dear me!" said Miss Jones. "There's Willie's dear little dog, and Willie has gone home. The little fellow will get lost."

So Miss Jones called Mac in, attached a bit of string to his collar, and sallied forth in the rain, carefully leading the hero of many a rambling escapade, the tried veteran of the road.

"I was so afraid the little dog would get lost so far from home," explained Miss Jones to Willie's mamma.

Willie's mamma glanced at the canine Ulysses and gravely thanked Miss Jones. Mac wagged his tail and sat down to map out an excursion to Yonkers.—New York Times.

The American mountain sheep are the greatest leapers in the world.